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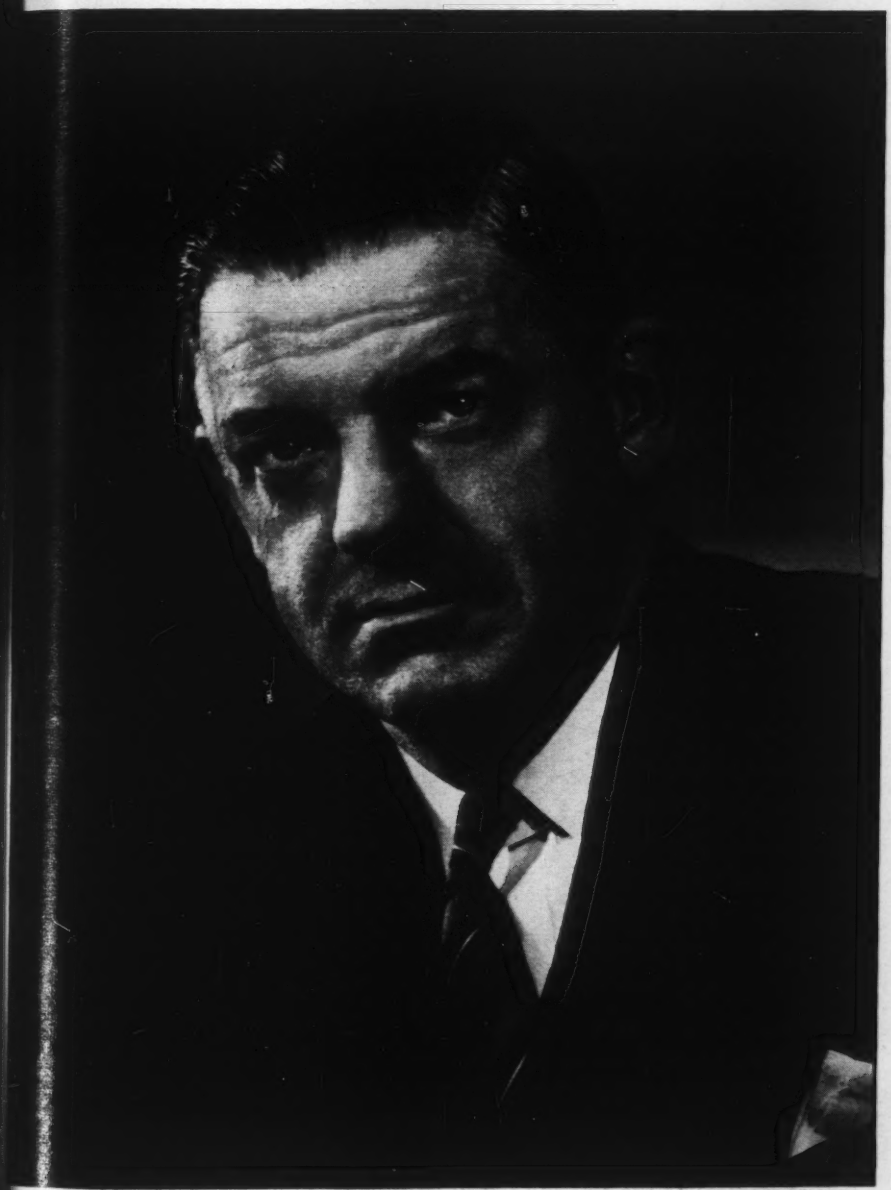

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ROBERT H. SAUNDERS: Always more power. (Page 4).

The Front Page

The fact that the Battle of Crichel Down is still being argued and discussed in Britain demonstrates the extent of the strange and dangerous change that has taken place in the meaning of responsible government since the beginning of World War II. Crichel Down is a small piece of land, just 725 acres, that was taken from its owners and turned into a bombing range during the war. When peace came, the Socialist Government refused to sell it back to its owners, despite regulations that required such action be taken, and tried instead to turn it into a model farm, for the greater glory of the all-powerful state. The Socialists gave way to the Conservatives, but the civil servants handling the matter remained and continued to treat Crichel Down as their private preserve. Their stupid arrogance, however, enraged public opinion; the case was debated in the House of Commons and finally, in July, the Minister of Agriculture, Sir Thomas Dugdale, resigned.

There was a time when such a resignation would have excited little comment; it would have been expected as the only possible course

CANADA'S PLACE IN NATO
By Lord Ismay: Page 7

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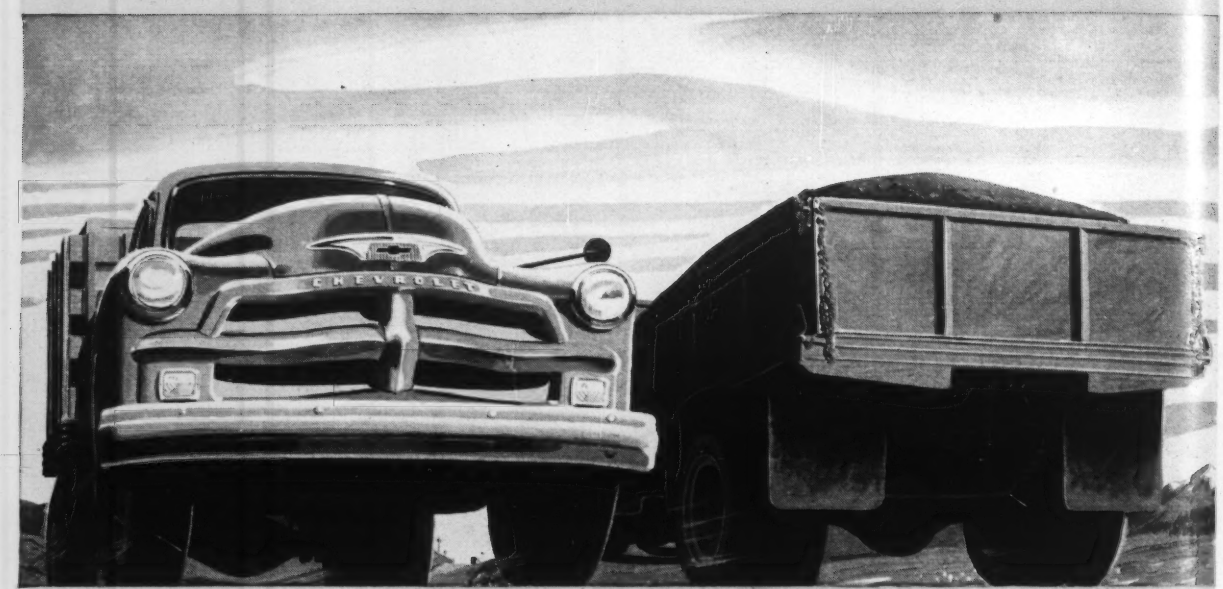
Under the HOOD...under the LOAD..



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

for a Minister who had failed to keep his department in good order. But there was surprised and respectful applause for Sir Thomas Dugdale; he had actually admitted that a Minister is responsible for the conduct of the civil servants under his direction. In other words, the principle of responsibility has been so generally ignored that any recognition of it by the members or minions of government comes as a distinct shock.

Canadians have had many opportunities in recent years to study the growing disinclination of both federal and provincial cabinet ministers to accept responsibility for the sins of their departments, and considering the complacency with which this ministerial attitude has been accepted, they are likely to see a good deal more of it. There will be no change until they understand that this sort of thing can only mean government not by elected representatives but by an uncontrolled civil service.

When ministers refuse to share the blame for waste, inefficiency and worse in their departments, they are admitting that the job of government has grown too big for them; they are claiming, in effect, that while they should still be trusted with the direction of the nation's business, they should not be expected to worry about the people they have hired for the day-to-day handling of that business. If we condone this attitude, we must be prepared to accept the inevitable result: the end of our control, as electors, over the way we are to be governed.

Now the Wet War

THE BRITISH may have stumbled on a new and effective way of keeping the Communist bosses of Russia and China from giving the rest of the world a permanent case of the jitters. One of the United Kingdom's main exports to the Communist states recently has been delegations of parliamentarians, all well equipped with the steady heads and stiff upper lips needed to endear them to the hospitable gentlemen in Moscow and Peking who, it seems, are so fond of drinking toasts that they have no qualms about mixing champagne and vodka. Obviously, if the British can maintain this flow, the days will pass merrily behind the Iron Curtain and there will be peace — a little hung-over but still peace—in our time.

Minds and Changes

"HOTEL MAIDS," Dr. Margaret Mead said, "are nannies at heart. They are distressed if you don't finish your breakfast, they are careful about hanging up your face cloths to dry and they talk to you in a warm admonitory nanny voice." We had just met Dr. Mead, associate curator of anthropology at the American

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Museum of Natural History in New York, and she had just finished listening to some words about wash cloths by one of the hotel maids. She was in Toronto for the World Congress of Mental Health.

"When I was here before, years ago," Dr. Mead said. "I read a paper at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It was the first and last one I ever read. I decided then that reading a paper simply would not do. At that time I had just come back from studying the people living on Manus, one of the Admiralty Islands. I studied them again 25 years later, and I was able to trace the development of people whom I

DR. MARGARET MEAD: Quick change.

had first met as children. They had advanced the equivalent of 20,000 years in a quarter of a century, and without mental upset. They got good British administration and learnt respect for law. Then came World War II and thousands of American soldiers. After the war, Australian administrators had plans ready to meet the situation. Before, they had no sense of themselves as a people. Now they have their own social service organizations, keep their own records of vital statistics and so on. They have pride in their own achievements. The whole thing developed spontaneously. Disputes are settled by law instead of by murder as formerly. They set up their own schools ahead of plans by the administrators.

"Mental illness is too often blamed on the industrialization of society," Dr. Mead said. "There are too many complaints about society having to move too fast to keep up with the machine. There is great advantage in moving fast if you move completely, if social, educational and recreational changes keep pace. You must change the whole pattern at once and the whole group together—and the people themselves must decide to move. Forced change is almost always accompanied, if not by liquidation of population, at least by great suffering. People everywhere today are demanding literacy, medicine, labor-saving devices, and the scientists must be prepared with an answer to the question: Can we have drastic social change in one generation, and under what conditions? The answer is in a whole change."

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Disturbed Sleep

THE LATEST bit of domestic equipment is the H-bomb warning device, a gadget the prophets of electronic doom are now prepared to put into our bedrooms. We don't understand how it works (the approach of hostile aircraft causes an electrical current to do something or other and that sets off an alarm), but it doesn't sound like a good commercial proposition. To most of us, an H-bomb explosion is as gaudily vague as the billion dollars needed to produce one, and the immediate crisis, however small, still seems more real than the remote emergency, however monstrous. Besides, the chances are that the first time the alarm bells ring in our bedrooms, we would only burrow deeper into the pillows and mutter, "Shut the damned thing off—it's not time to get up yet", and the inconceivable would become a reality with a clang, a whistle and a snore.

Attlee and the Dragon

THE RESULTS of the tour of the British Laborites led to Peking by former Prime Minister Clement Attlee and his rival Aneurin Bevan are exactly what might have been expected. The Socialists, filled with a woolly goodwill and hoping to see enough of the "new" China to justify it, have seen nothing that wasn't carefully prepared for them and have given Communist propagandists the world over a field day.

Their visit has been presented to the Chinese people as an obeisance before the rising power of Communist China, the first fruits of the great victory won at Geneva. Just as the *Economist* warned before they went, their simplest expressions of thanks to their hosts have been magnified into a prostration before the might and glory of Mao Tse Tung, while not a word of their unfavorable comment will be allowed to reach the millions behind the Iron Curtain.

The Communist bloc—and much of the rest of the world—sees this visit as a further sign of the split in the Western

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alliance which Moscow has been laboring mightily to bring about. Considering some of the talk which has been heard in Labor circles in recent months about the need for Britain to free herself from American policy, which is "leading straight to war", it is not surprising that the Attlee trip should be viewed in much the same light in the United States—all the more since the wildly anti-American Aneurin Bevan is the Number Two figure in the party.

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Ashley & Crippen

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Canada's Place in NATO Moral and Material

By LORD ISMAY

ALL CANADA'S ALLIES rejoice in the fact that the voice of Canada is increasingly heard in the counsels of the world. This is partly because of the unparalleled progress of industrial expansion in Canada, but equally because it is a voice which proclaims freedom and forbearance, moderation and confidence.

"As we grow stronger to preserve the peace," the Hon. Lester B. Pearson, Canada's Minister of External Affairs, once said, "all free men grow stronger with us." He was referring, five and a half years ago, to the nations of the Atlantic community, and the occasion was the signing of the North Atlantic Treaty. The words might be applied to Canada herself, because since then it is certainly true that Canada's growing military and industrial potential has made the whole of the Atlantic Alliance stronger.

The material contribution of Canada to the strength of NATO is substantial. In the last four years, about $1,000 million of mutual aid has been supplied to Canada's Atlantic partners. A great flow of arms and ammunition continues to cross the Atlantic. A Canadian Infantry Brigade and an Air Division of 12 squadrons of Sabre Jets are now stationed in Europe. It was with immense pride tinged with anxiety that I said goodbye to one of the wings at St. Hubert near Montreal on the eve of their long and dangerous flight to Europe; and it was with immense delight that I visited them a few months later at their new station near Zweibrucken in Germany. The Canadian air training scheme has provided ten of the NATO countries with a total of 3,600 trained aircrew. Fifty-four ships for convoy protection are now under construction. Among the other contributions to the overall strength of NATO are the Canadian research and training in the far North.

The moral contribution of Canada is no less than the material. With roots in the American continent but also in the British Commonwealth and France, Canada's old traditions and new outlooks have presented her with a wonderful opportunity to help us all forward.

As Canada makes NATO stronger, so of course membership in NATO makes Canada stronger. It is true that in some of the essential commodities, the Canadian percentage of the whole of the NATO resources is very high. Canada produces, for example, 23 per cent of the wheat, 29 per cent of the aluminum and 32 per cent of the woodpulp of all member countries. But in other essentials the Canadian percentage is still small: only 2½ per cent of the crude steel, 2 per cent of the hard coal, and 2½ per cent of the merchant shipping of the member countries. Yet the NATO percentage of the last three, in terms of world resources, is very high: 66½ per cent of the crude steel, 59.3 per cent of the hard coal, and 76.7 per cent of the merchant shipping.

This is merely a way of illustrating the fact that the strength of the NATO countries lies in their unity, and this applies to the strongest as well as the weakest.

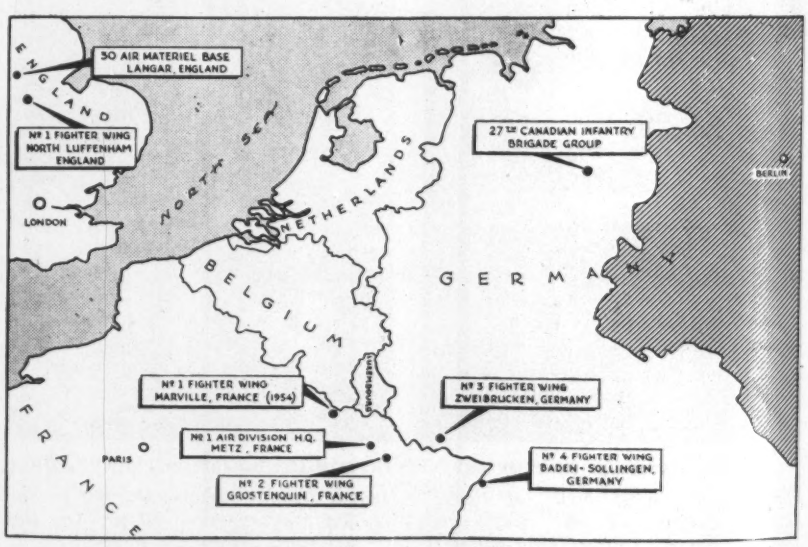
It is my firm belief that the Atlantic Alliance, and the unity defined in the text of the Treaty itself, has been a major deterrent to the expansionist aims of Soviet Russian imperialism. It has put heart and will into a stricken continent, and each year now, like a returning tide, the reconstruction of Western Europe progresses.

This is the central fact of NATO's existence: it has prevented, at the least, Soviet expansion westwards, and at the most, the ultimate horror of a new war. It has established a new *Pax Atlantica* which, like the old *Pax Romana,* has ensured the freedom of the western nations to live and work out their own salvations in their traditional ways, unafraid of the knock on the door or the bullet in the back.

The 14 nations of the Alliance have not, of course, assured peace by pious hopes and appeasing gestures, but by forging an effective military shield. When General Eisenhower became NATO's first Supreme Allied Commander Europe in 1951, he was expected to defend a front of about 3,000 miles stretching from the Arctic Ocean to the Adriatic Sea. To do this he had about 15 divisions and less than 1,000 aircraft. The front was later extended to include Greece and Turkey. The position today is far different. The NATO countries have a hundred divisions in various stages of readiness, and about 4,000 first-line aircraft. Practically all the allies have naval contingents which are trained to work together. Thus the NATO navy is no longer a dream. It is a reality.

We calculate that the possibility of a new Pearl Harbor has greatly diminished. Soviet Russia could not now make a sudden lunge westwards without moving up reserves from inside her vast territory. For the moment, then, we can sleep safe in our beds, but we see no harm in having a loaded gun under the pillow.

The military structure of the Alliance



CANADA'S military contribution to NATO.

Lord Ismay, wartime Chief of Staff to Sir Winston Churchill, is Vice-Chairman of the North Atlantic Council and Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

LORD ISMAY: "No harm in having a loaded gun under the pillow".

consists of three supreme Commands — the European (near Paris, with sub-commands in Oslo, Fontainebleau, Naples and Malta), the Atlantic (at Norfolk, Virginia) and the Channel (at Portsmouth). The whole structure comes under the Chiefs of Staff in all NATO countries, whose executive body is called the Standing Group (in Washington).

The civilian structure is concentrated in Paris, just across the River Seine from the Eiffel Tower. Here about 200 civilian officers from all the NATO countries work as an International Secretariat. The official languages are French and English, although in the corridors you may hear Italian or Icelandic, Danish or Norwegian, or any of the ten languages of the Alliance. Here the supreme body of the Alliance, the North Atlantic Council, meets every week, in a high room hung with the banners of the member states and the NATO banner of the four points of the compass on a dark blue background.

What kind of course are we steering, and what have we achieved so far? I will draw your attention to only two of our achievements.

From the beginning the possible impact of rearmament on the economic and social life of member countries caused grave disquiet. Article 2 of the Treaty referred to the necessity for "promoting conditions of stability and well-being" and encouraging "economic collaboration". The strains imposed by the rearmament effort led, finally, to a searching annual examination of the military progress of each NATO country in the light of its economic capability. Never before in peace or war have free sovereign nations submitted such comprehensive military, economic and financial reports to the scrutiny of other nations. From a detailed study and comparison of these reports, a series of specific recommendations with costs, are made to each country and to the Council. In this way throughout the year NATO has its finger on the pulse of the military and economic efforts of each country, and the whole exercise represents a good example of a loss of sovereignty for the common good.

Equally remarkable in a different way, but also without precedents, is the Infrastructure work. Behind this awesome word stands the elaborate construction of the military, naval and air installations for the defence of Western Europe to agreed NATO standards. An expenditure of £700 million sterling has been approved, and £540 million sterling of this has been committed. What has been done with this huge sum? About 135 airfields (to NATO specifications) have been constructed. More than 300 signals communications projects are under construction. By the end of this program about 6,000 kilometers of land lines, 6,000 kilometres of radio relay circuits, and 1,200 kilometres of submarine cables will have been added to existing networks; 3,500 kilometres of pipelines for jet fuel are now under construction. Other features of the Infrastructure program are new training bases, naval storage facilities, radar and long-range navigation stations. This immense program posed complicated questions of cost-sharing, of ownership and of constitutional rights. All these questions have been solved.

Anyone who considers the magnitude of these two achievements alone — the "Annual Review" and the Infrastructure program — must feel immensely buoyed up and encouraged.

Even from these two examples it will be seen that the co-operation between the member states of the alliance cannot be described as purely military. The Treaty itself has envisaged a much wider and closer association. In its Preamble, member states had affirmed their determination "to promote stability and well-being in the North Atlantic Area".

There is also the important Article 2, which will always be associated with Canada. As early as April, 1948, Prime Minister St. Laurent declared that the purpose of a North Atlantic association "would not be merely negative. It would create the dynamic counter-attraction to Communism—the dynamic attraction of a free, prosperous and progressive society, as opposed to the totalitarian and reactionary society of the Communist world."

All along this line good results are being achieved, and better ones lie ahead. Every man of goodwill looks forward to the day when our countries will be able to spend less on armaments and more on those human endeavors and that human understanding which will lead to the greater prosperity and happiness of us all.

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Letter from London

Some Recollections of a Gentle Past

By Beverley Nichols

SOME LITTLE WHILE ago I had occasion to call on Norman Hartnell, the royal dress designer, at his elegant establishment in Bruton Street. Norman is a very old friend whom I have known since he was a Cambridge undergraduate, scribbling brilliant little fashion silhouettes when he ought to have been listening to lectures.

We wandered into one of the cutting rooms, and there, on a top shelf, I noticed a number of mysteriously shaped bundles wrapped around in white paper. "What are those?" I asked him.

"Those? I suppose you'd call them dummies." He went on to explain that they were the actual life-size busts of various ladies who—either because they were too distinguished or too busy, or both—were unable to come to the salon, and were therefore fitted in their own homes. I gathered that they were wrapped in paper, partly to keep off the dust, and partly to protect them from the gaze of the curious.

Suddenly I noticed a bundle set a little way apart, wrapped, not in paper, but in silk. I stared at it, and stared again. There was something about that figure that was strangely familiar. It had no head, no arms, and it was loosely draped; in spite of that it had a definite personality. A very arresting personality, too. If it could have spoken, it might well have said: "No nonsense from you, young man. We are not amused!"

I turned to Norman, and pointed to the bundle. "Is it . . . is it . . ." I began.

"Oh, dear," he interrupted. "That oughtn't to have been left out like that."

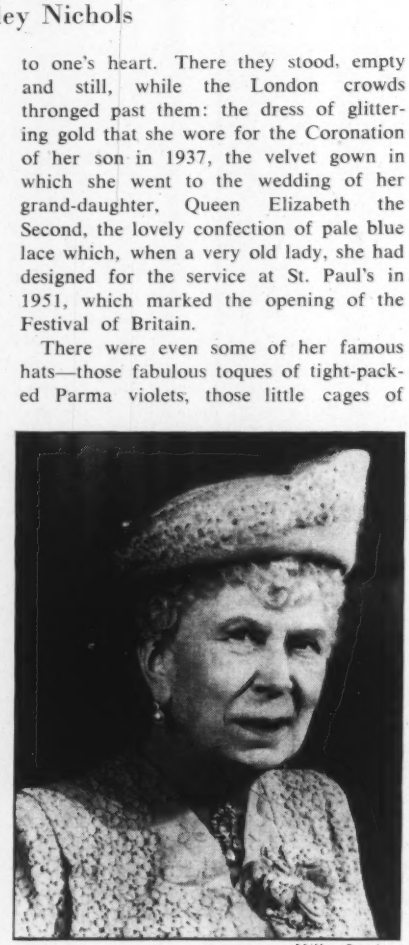
"Perhaps not. But *is* it . . . Queen Mary?"

"Of course it's Queen Mary," he said shortly. And then he hurried away to put her majesty in a more private place.

I thought of this little story when I paid my visit to the Victoria and Albert Museum, to see an exhibition that has been drawing all London: the collection of Queen Mary's art treasures, which she amassed during her long and busy life. It was an enchanting parade, very, very feminine, with the accent on *minutiae*—exquisite little clocks, tiny workboxes, rare enamels, and, of course, the magical trifles of the master Faberge, diamond-studded Easter eggs and sprays of golden flowers.

But it was her dresses that really went to one's heart. There they stood, empty and still, while the London crowds thronged past them: the dress of glittering gold that she wore for the Coronation of her son in 1937, the velvet gown in which she went to the wedding of her grand-daughter, Queen Elizabeth the Second, the lovely confection of pale blue lace which, when a very old lady, she had designed for the service at St. Paul's in 1951, which marked the opening of the Festival of Britain.

There were even some of her famous hats—those fabulous toques of tight-packed Parma violets, those little cages of



Miller Services

QUEEN MARY: Reverence, regret.

closely-woven lilies-of-the-valley. We smiled at them, often enough, when she appeared in them, walking so proudly, with her inevitable parasol. But there were no smiles in the crowds that were staring at them; there was reverence and there was regret—for a great figure, and the greatness of the past of which she was a symbol.

IS THERE any feeling, in Canada, about the passing of the "stately homes of England"? Perhaps not, though it is to be hoped that there may be a few who will feel a kindly regret at the decline of a way of life that was civilized, gracious, and—more often than not—benevolent.

The latest to come into the news is Denham Place, the very beautiful seventeenth century home of Lord Vansittart . . . who was head of the Foreign Office in the nineteen-thirties, and was the fiercest of all the anti-Nazi crusaders. (He was among the top ten on Hitler's black list.) I shall never forget my first view of Denham. It was in January, when all the snowdrops were out, drift upon drift of them, that seemed to be stretching their white fingers way back into history. Denham was built in 1690, at a cost of £5,591 16s. 9d. It is rich in eighteenth century plaster ceilings, which you feel obliged to be for ever staring at. And it has that final luxury—because it is a spiritual one—a private chapel.

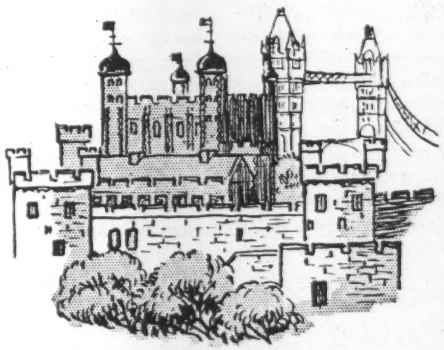
Denham is not being given up, but the shadow of the State has fallen on it, in the shape of a financial grant from the Ministry of Works. The amount of the grant has not been disclosed, but it will be enough to repair the roof, to stop the ravages of dry rot, and to keep the carved stonework in something like its original condition. "Very nice too," you may say on your side of the water, where a benevolent government does not come to the aid of its citizens in this way. But there are penalties. Every week, as a condition of the grant, the house must be open to the public. However, it is better to live in it that way than not to live in it at all. There are still many Englishmen, born into stately homes, who would get down on their knees and scrub the doorsteps, and touch their caps to the trippers as they handed over their half-crowns, rather than let their homes pass out of their possession.

AS THE SEASON draws to its close one may be permitted to suggest that for the first time since the war London has appeared in her ancient role as a city—not only of power, but of wealth—indeed of opulence. Some of the parties have been staggering. But they have not been given by the British; the money has come from overseas. Thus, it was a pretty Australian debutante, of the household name of Miss Smith, who gave the most spectacular ball of the season. She took the vast Stoll Theatre for a week, and had it transformed by a friend of mine into a gigantic ballroom. There were immense pillars surmounted by birds of paradise, there were forests of flowers, dancing took place in a replica of a palace under the sea, and in order that there should be no tragic mistakes in the drink line, the waiters carrying pink champagne were thoughtfully provided with pink coats. The whole affair cost £10,000 (sic), which seems adequate for a gathering of this nature.

On the following day, the most celebrated of those who had been to the Smith party assembled—looking, I thought, rather pale about the gills—in one of the loveliest houses in London, which belongs

to Edward Hulton, the millionaire publisher. Hulton is brash, dynamic and unpredictable, with occasional flashes of genius. His principal platform is *Picture Post*, which is one of the few violently independent organs in Britain. It may be safely counted upon to enrage the Tories on the first Wednesday of the month, the Socialists on the second, both on the third, and neither on the fourth.

The Hulton party drifted into the garden, where, for a few breathless hours, it actually did not rain. Do you drift into gardens at your cocktail parties in Canada? I find the custom exceedingly agreeable. I am not more of a snob than the next man, but when a party like this is beautifully done, when ladies in lovely dresses drift about a smooth lawn, in the manner of an Edwardian musical comedy, when there is intelligence and accomplishment as well as rank and wealth, I sit back and enjoy myself, reflecting, at the same time, how very satisfactory it is that one is not paying for it all.



But to me the most enchanting party of the month was given by pianist Clifford Curzon, who is one of the few living artists who does not make Mozart turn in his grave when he plays Mozart. Clifford lives on Highgate Hill, which is only twenty minutes from Piccadilly, but he has nearly three acres of garden stretching around his perfect Regency house. Imagine it—nearly three acres, so near and yet so far from the heart of our mighty city! A regular midsummer night's dream of a garden it is, too, with groves of rhododendrons, and iris walks, and bowers of roses, and secret pools, and even a little kitchen garden where (when we had enough dry martinis) we wandered out, to cool our palates by nibbling old English herbs, like apple-mint, and lovage—which was, so I am informed, one of the favorite ingredients in the salads of Dean Swift.

I seem to have lapsed, of a sudden, into the mood of a social gossip writer. It does not often happen, and it will probably be a long time before it happens again. But there *is* a social scene in London, and now that it is again assuming a quality of elegance—now that at last the red carpets have come out of store, and are stretched over the pavements of Mayfair for dancing feet to tread on—the fact seems to me worthy of mention.

I was dining in the House of Commons on the night after Sir Winston Churchill announced the reshuffling of the Cabinet. There was no great excitement, maybe because the average member struck me as physically exhausted, and longing to get away for the holidays. It had been a grilling session, made all the more strenuous because of the Socialist ban on the convenient tradition of pairing. Added to that, the whole house seemed to be sneezing. If you looked out of the window, and saw the Thames, lashed by wintry rains, you would understand why.

For the Londoner, however, one of the new appointments has—or should have—a burning interest. Will John Boyd - Carpenter, the new Minister of Transport, be able at long last to do something about the traffic problem? Under Alan Lennox - Boyd, the ex - Minister, it has been getting steadily worse, which is saying a great deal. In spite of a bewildering maze of new regulations, one-way streets, roundabouts, anti-parking bans, forbidden zones, and heaven knows what else, it is no unusual experience to be brought to a standstill for as long as twenty minutes during the rush hours. The amazing thing, to the visitor from less docile nations, is that none of the drivers hoots, curses, or even registers any outward sign of impatience. We just sit there, yawn, and turn off our engines. The only person who ever punches the horn seems to be myself, and I wish you could see the pained looks from all around as though one had hiccoughed in a cathedral.

Meanwhile Britain's snoopers, who are greatly on the increase, have taken advantage of the prevailing chaos to widen their activities. Their latest little dodge is to set the children of Hampstead to spy on motorists who are "unfriendly" to pedestrians, and report them to the authorities. I hope and believe there will be a public outcry against this; if there is anything worse than an Ogpu of men, it must surely be an Ogpu of brats. We did not dominate the world by turning our children into sneaks.

•

The Wall

No more than house-wall without hole or glass
Will let a single ray of sunshine pass,
Can we by wisdom and beauty enravished be
Unless by Love we have been taught to see.

WALTER DE LA MARE

The Public Prints

Ottawa Journal: The suggestion, put bluntly, is that Canada in politics prefers to coast and that the vigor and enterprise of businessmen and producers is not expected in government. Canada has wanted no domineering political bosses and has been content with procrastination. It may be a lotus land and the time may be coming when our decisions will be more cruel and must be made more rapidly by governments unable to say the vast majority of Canadians agree. Then there will be a greater sense of urgency in our national life.

Winnipeg Tribune: The main reason why Canada's tourist trade is out of balance is because of Ottawa's tax policies. High taxes and high protection are reflected in high prices. It does not take long for the word to get around. The result is that visitors either stay away or stock up . . . before crossing the border.

Edmonton Journal: There is a certain irony about the resentment which many Americans feel toward the government of India because of its policy of neutrality in present-day Asiatic conflicts. In actual fact, India is pursuing exactly the same course which the United States followed in its own history. The keynote was struck by George Washington in his famous "Farewell Address", when he declared "It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world."

Hamilton Spectator: Our language is a baffling one for the foreigner. As, for instance, "de luxe" — which can mean more chrome or a pickle, depending on whether it's applied to a car or a hamburger.

London Observer: There are times when confusion becomes so dangerous that it can be an act of great historical merit to restate the obvious with authority. President Eisenhower's statement about the absurdity of "preventive war" — which under modern conditions would not prevent, but precipitate, universal catastrophe — is a case in point. In fact, the idea of "preventive war" has as little popular support in the United States as in any other democracy — once it is clearly spelt out. The danger was never that the American administration might adopt it, but that irresponsible utterances by persons in responsible positions would give the impression abroad that the administration was toying with it — to the immense detriment of Western unity.

Foreign Affairs

Alternatives to the H-Bomb

By Willson Woodside

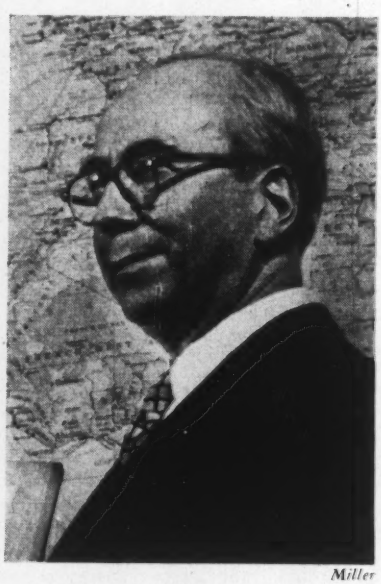
BERTRAND RUSSELL made an eloquent plea, in our issue of August 14, for recognition on both sides of the Iron Curtain of the tragic futility of H-Bomb politics. But he was not very helpful in framing a practical alternative policy.

The *New Leader*, which has become the leading American liberal weekly since the *Nation* went into decline, has made the effort to find such a policy. It is currently running a long series, "Alternatives to the H-Bomb", by noted American and European humanists and political thinkers. Lewis Mumford leads it off in the same vein as Russell. "The childish belief that a few atom bombs dropped on the Kremlin would enable the democratic world to live happily ever after is a fairy story that should never for an instant have been entertained by grown men." Even more, there is our willingness to use any instruments of genocide. This is the all-enveloping danger. The warfare that we hypocritically call "total" is actually mass extermination: genocide.

We should have come up with alternative proposals, Mumford insists, when Russia rejected the Baruch Plan, and "baited" the Kremlin with being unwilling to take the first steps towards atomic control. "Instead, we have let Russia identify the United States as the proponent of war and genocide, and by our one-sided actions and preparations we have accepted that role, with a mixture of guilty anxiety and self-righteous bravado." By now the cold war has produced frozen minds on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

The first step out of the impasse, this writer urges, is to admit the existence of a whole series of alternatives that have not yet been explored. When sifted, however, these alternatives all boil down to one: the transformation of the United Nations into an effective world government. Reinhold Niebuhr, the eminent Protestant theologian, cries out in answering him, that it is almost intolerable that Mumford should use our perplexities and confusions as a pretext for launching the idea of "world government" as the only alternative to mutual annihilation.

"I know of no more pessimistic appraisal of our situation, because the possibility of establishing world government is practically nil." Nor is this due to the frozen minds of our statesmen, or their neglect to make use of the "safe" period of three years after 1945, of which Mumford makes much. The only hard-headed element in the analysis, Niebuhr notes, is Mumford's recognition of Communist intransigence. (Mumford insists that we should label the Soviets as fascists and make it stick.) His "world government", therefore, includes only the non-Communist world. Mumford takes it for granted that all the nations would welcome this proposal, and thinks that it would transmute the struggle and give the world something more than "capitalism" to fight for.



Miller

H-BOMB MAKER: Lewis Strauss

Niebuhr asks what evidence there is that the nations, many of them still celebrating a recently acquired independence, would welcome a supra-national authority. How can one be sure that the envy of American wealth and the resistance to American leadership would be mitigated by a tighter constitutional arrangement? Would the non-committed nations, like India, accept a tighter alliance? "There is every indication that they would resist it." Would not "world government" for the non-Communist world destroy the present bridge between the two worlds which we have in the United Nations?

Besides, Niebuhr finds that Mumford entirely neglects to consider the peril of tyranny in successful world government. "Communities always face the twin evils of tyranny and anarchy, and they fall into the one if they are too concerned with the other." Summing up, Niebuhr holds that it is the cheapest of all illusions to think that political, legal and constitutional arrangements integrate a community; this integration has to take place first, by common experience.

Irresponsible idealists, he finds, are prone to dismiss airily the intractable forces of history. "It does not become intellectuals to speak so contemptuously of the practice of statesmanship, particularly because their own record since the eighteenth century has been so dismal. It has consisted in dreaming up both harmless and dangerous utopias. . . We must face the fact that we are fated to have something like a century of co-existence with a dreaded tyranny based upon utopian illusions."

Other contributors bring forward other alternatives. Chester Bowles, recently U.S. ambassador to India, thinks that we should give our main attention to winning over the uncommitted world of South Asia and the Middle East. Communism is false, but we cannot ignore its apocalyptic appeal, its false vision of a classless society, its empty claim to offer a society based on justice. "We shall have no relief from this challenge, and we deserve none. We must expose the hypocrisy of the Communists the only convincing way we can: by ending our own."

James Burnham thinks there is no certain alternative to the H-Bomb except surrender. But he argues that the war we must win is the one that is going on now, every day, and the best way to win it is through a policy of liberation.

Hans Kohn, the great student of nationalism, puts forward most persuasively the alternative of a stronger Atlantic Community. If the Western democracies wish to survive, they must have a common foreign and economic policy.

There are others, de Madariaga, Norman Thomas and Eric Hoffer. But let us conclude with William I. Nichols, editor of *This Week* magazine. He thinks we are "sicklied o'er" by too much talk of the H-Bomb. "Are we really so blind as to think that now someone, somewhere, will invent some new kind of pill, or pass a law, or write a treaty, or call a conference, which will fix things up and leave the world all hunky-dory? All these things are Little Alternatives, signifying nothing. What we need above all at this stage of history, is to understand the Big Alternatives of Good *vs.* Evil. This is what counts more than personal survival. For if man is not a moral being, what good is he? And if mankind is not moral, what difference does it make whether our society endures or blows away?"

Books

The Fiction Habit

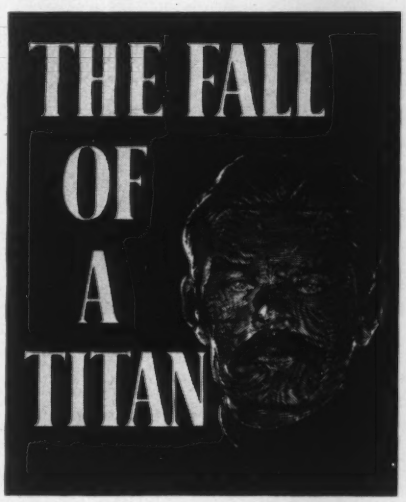
By Robertson Davies

SIR HAROLD NICOLSON was recently reported to have said that the age of fiction was over, and that in future biography, autobiography and history would take its place. Such a remark needs some elaboration, and until Sir Harold elaborates it I shall not worry my head about it. Certainly I do not think that people will stop writing fiction, or reading it, even if biography and autobiography supplant it as the principal fields of highly imaginative writing, as at present they seem quite likely to do. Thousands of people need fiction, in the sense that they need tobacco and liquor, and I am one of them. The fiction habit is in my blood. My great-aunt Isobel Robertson read three books every day for the last twenty-five years of her life, and I am cast in her mould. Very briefly, I want to make notes in this article about the fiction I have been reading during the past summer.

The book which will cause most talk is certainly *The Fall of a Titan*, by Igor Gouzenko. It is a story of modern Russia, and tells, in a welter of plot and sub-plot, how a young Communist historian was set the job of keeping a great Soviet writer, called Mikhail Gorin, in line with Party thinking. Gorin is pretty plainly modelled on Maxim Gorky, who was said to have been poisoned in 1936 because he was an old-line Communist. Mr. Gouzenko is no amateur. He manages his huge plot and his dozens of characters well. The book is a little too obviously designed to be an epic and to feed the prejudices of the democratic world, and has been extravagantly praised in the U.S.A. But it is a good piece of work in spite of all the political hosannas that have greeted it.

I found much rest and diversion in *The Tunnel of Love* by the American satirist Peter de Vries. It is the story of a childless couple who adopt, in spite of the husband's best efforts to prevent it, his illegitimate son, with all the elaborate ritual of modern adoption. But the best part of the book is the analysis of the feelings of the man who tells the story, a bungling and hag-ridden fellow who wants to be unfaithful to his wife, but lacks the needful determination; he is an editor who wants to prove that he can be just as immoral as any creative writer. The odd theme of the book is handled with great delicacy and resource, and it is very funny.

If you are looking for something that is more morally restful, I can recommend Helen Ashton's *Footman in Powder*, which is a first-rate account of the life of a servant of George IV. But it is no backstairs *Forever Amber;* the footman, Jem Wyett, does his work well, and gets a medal for forty years of faithful service without seducing anybody or doing a single thing that is unseemly. But the book is wonderfully interesting in its account of palace life, the madness of George III, the failure of the Regent's marriage, and the unhappiness of Princess Charlotte. Unpretentious though this book is, it is beautifully shaped, firmly set in its historical background, and skilfully written.



FROM the jacket design of the "good piece of work" by Igor Gouzenko.

Another historical novel, distinguished by unpretentious excellence, is *Roman Wall* by the writer who calls herself Bryher. It tells of the fortunes of Orba, a city in what is now Switzerland, in the year of the third century A.D., when Roman power was failing. The time is not as remote from our own as might at first appear. Civilization as the Romans conceived it was cracking under heavy taxation, limitations of travel, and a dwindling of the spirit that made Rome great. The soldiers in her outposts were half farmers, intermarried with the people they lived among. Fear of invasion by the tribes of northern Europe was ever present, but for that very reason the danger was not taken with sufficient seriousness.

In this atmosphere, which is made real and immediate, we trace the fortunes of the good soldier Valerius, of the merchant Demetrius, and the stupid governor Vinodius. The likeness to our own times is made evident without being inartistically hammered home; it is human ambition, and folly, and greatness which links the ages, however times may change. Historical novels of this stature are uncommon, and if you have a taste for them you should not miss this one.

But if you incline more toward the short story, Edward Hyams's collection called *Stories & Cream* has some good things for you. Hyams is an excellent satirist, and though some of his stories are better describable as sketches—long on atmosphere and short on plot—he is very good indeed at his best. *Cream* is a longer piece of work, running to about 20,000 words, about a wartime encounter between an ingenious English country lad and a young Prussian obsessed with an ideal of honor.

A book about a doctor who is both a human being and a woman is a novelty, after so many books about doctors who are neither. *Doctor Dear* by Mary Bethune reads like an autobiography, and probably is so; it lacks the shape and decision of a novel. But it is a very good account of a young woman's work as assistant to an English country general practitioner. Her problems are those with which many books about doctors have made us familiar, but she gives them freshness and reality, and her successes and failures make very good reading until near the end, when the book fades away in an inconclusive romance.

Nor is there anything new about a book which gets a group of interesting people together in one place, and then contrives an act of God to keep them together until their characters have been exposed and explored. But March Cost does this with brilliance in *Invitation from Minerva*. Her setting is a chateau in the Austrian Alps; her people are aristocrats and people of wealth who have been invited to dinner by the Princess Victoria; her act of God is an avalanche which keeps them in one room for a week. She treats the stock situation with uncommon subtlety and charm, and brings to it a poetic quality which is now and then exchanged for flashes of hard common sense. She makes the revelations of character with skill and what is revealed is not what we might have expected. Altogether a distinguished treatment of a somewhat trite situation.

Now and again one finds a good book which just misses being a very good book indeed. *An Impossible Marriage*, by

Pamela Hansford Johnson is a case in point. It is set in the world of suburban English life—the world of the tennis club, the secretarial job, the desire to get into a slightly higher social sphere. All of this is related without patronage or easy fun. But the story of the book is of a girl's marriage with a man who seems attractive and successful, but who proves to be a thoroughly unsatisfactory husband, not because he has any major faults but because he is a tangle of minor ones. The author has explored her characters with a great deal of understanding, but somehow the book does not fully satisfy. Very probably it is because her people simply are not big enough to hold our attention fully. But as far as it goes this is an excellent account of what is undoubtedly a common predicament, and it is written with great skill and economy.

The plot in which several people are trapped by an act of God is familiar; but the plot in which several people are linked by a crime investigation is hideously and boringly familiar, and it turns up again in *The Royal Box* by Frances Parkinson Keyes. The new American ambassador to Aristan (where the oil comes from) is found dead in a limousine after attending a theatre party in a royal box. Then the cops get to work, and the long arm of coincidence gets badly tangled up with the chain of evidence. The action takes place within twenty-four hours, but to the reader it may seem a good deal longer.

THE FALL OF A TITAN—by Igor Gouzenko—pp. 680—*British Books*—$3.75.

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE—by Peter de Vries—pp. 246—*Little, Brown*—$4.00.

FOOTMAN IN POWDER — by Helen Ashton — pp. 318—*Collins*—$3.00.

ROMAN WALL—by Bryher—pp. 219—*McClelland & Stewart*—$3.25.

STORIES & CREAM — by Edward Hymans — pp. 242—*Longmans, Green*—$2.50.

DOCTOR DEAR—by Mary Bethune—pp. 288—*Michael Joseph*—$3.00.

INVITATION FROM MINERVA—by March Cost —pp. 255—*Collins*—$3.00.

AN IMPOSSIBLE MARRIAGE—by Pamela Hansford Johnson—pp. 344—*Macmillan*—$2.50.

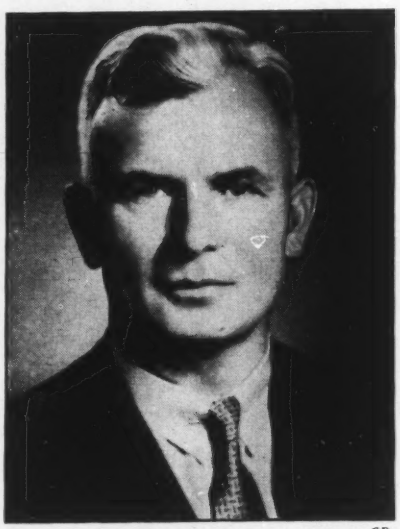
THE ROYAL BOX—by Frances Parkinson Keyes —pp. 367—*Copp Clark*—$3.85.

In Brief

SEX AND THE NATURE OF THINGS—by N. J. Berrill—pp. 256 with index—Illustrated with drawings by the author—*Dodd, Mead*—$4.00.

Packed to the margins with information, this is a fascinating and sometimes funny survey of what the author terms "nature's obsession". Dr. Berrill is the McGill University professor who wrote the recent fine *Journey Into Wonder;* in this new book he explains the procreative processes of scores of insects, birds, reptiles and mammals. His style is casual, his conclusions plausible. Occasionally though, he makes startling inferences which are stimulating to the mind but bruising to the ego. Though nothing could be clearer than their presentation, the book's ideas, tied in as they are with the whole story of life on earth, are too involved for a short review. Here are some of its diverting scraps: men and certain spiders are probably the only beings to practise rape; the female phalarope, which turned up recently in the title of a novel, is a little bird that has reached the *ne plus ultra* of avian feminism—she has not only persuaded her mate to incubate the eggs but she has got him into the dull plumage usually reserved for women in the bird world.

Recommended to anyone with a curiosity about such matters and to all



CP

DR. N. J. BERRILL: Informed opinion.

who care to hear informed opinion on the importance of sex in the scheme of things. Seekers after eroticism need not apply.

THE MANNER IS ORDINARY—by John LaFarge —pp. 378 plus 30 pages of appendices and index. Illustrated with photographs—McLeod —$5.50.

In the Society of Jesus "the manner of living is ordinary", without the obligation of regular corporal penances. Nevertheless a Jesuit's life can be severe in its demands, as this autobiography shows. John LaFarge was reared among the intellectuals of New England and New York — Henry Adams and William and Henry James were family friends—where most of his family were engaged in the arts. But he cast the die for the priesthood while still at Harvard. After ordination he labored in the hospitals and prisons of New York's infamous Blackwell's Island, then among the Slavs and Negroes of Maryland and in the Catholic Rural Life Movement; it was all work of preventive rather than remedial charity and he was able actually to see in solution some of the pressing social problems of the time. In 1926 he joined the staff of the Jesuit magazine *America* where for over twenty years he pleaded with his pen for social reforms.

Father LaFarge writes of his childhood and youth with great charm, recalling New York and Newport society of the eighties and nineties; the remainder of the book is so modest and matter-of-fact that it manages the rather difficult feat of making autobiography almost impersonal. There is no dramatic tension here, but just the quiet-spoken record of a life dedicated to the service of God and man.

TATTERSALLS—Two Hundred Years of Sporting History—by Vincent Orchard—pp. 285 plus appendix and index—illustrated—*McGraw-Hill*—$6.75.

This is the story of a unique enterprise, the world-famous auction firm which has dealt in horses for two hundred years. John Galsworthy might have patterned his Forsytes on the Tattersalls. It was a sturdy yeoman whom the author designates Richard the First—all the men have been Richard, Edmund or John—who left Lancashire for London in 1766 and founded the family fortune on two shrewd acquisitions: the auction stand at Hyde Park Corner and the blooded bay, Highflyer. From then till 1942 there was always a Tattersall in the business and, like the Forsytes, they became men of property, hobnobbed with dukes and patronized the arts.

The book is a display of skilful literary weaving. Throughout the saga of the family runs the story of the Turf that sustained and dominated it, a carefully authenticated history of racing and the three great blood lines of English thoroughbreds. Beside these two is the story of society itself with its changing patterns and values. Marginal dates help keep it sorted out.

Diverting scraps of information are everywhere. The whole is a colorful, varied, densely written story presented in a form that does credit to both author and publisher.

THE SAVOY OF LONDON—by Compton Mackenzie—pp. 136 and index—illustrated with prints, lithographs, drawings, photographs. *Clarke, Irwin*—$2.65.

Its location on the Thames was part of "the fayrest Mannor in Europe" when Henry III gave it to the Count of Savoy in 1246. It lay in le Straunde between London and Westminster and in the ensuing seven hundred years supported first the Count's palace, then a hospital, a Jesuit church, a prison and a ruin of shops and sheds. Finally Richard D'Oyly Carte built the Savoy Theatre there and his friend, Arthur Sullivan, helped him plan the Hotel.

R. M. T.

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JOHN DECKER, painting a landscape, with one of his hens looking on.

Minutes of the Last Meeting: Men Of Importance

By GENE FOWLER: PART V

ON A HOT noonday in July, 1940, John Decker telephoned from Hartmann's hotel to say, "Sadakichi is on the floor with a haemorrhage."

"Call Dr. Hirshfeld, and wait there for me," I said.

I found Sadakichi sitting up in bed. He had on his overcoat, as usual, and was nibbling at a lemon peel, then spitting the pulp into a nearby wastebasket.

"Sadakichi," I said, "won't you let me take you to hospital?"

Ignoring my suggestion, he began to speak of his Munich days. "I wanted to be an actor—a singer too. But I couldn't sing, so I learned to dance."

When the doctor arrived Sadakichi merely flicked his hand in greeting and went right on with his memories. "I liked to watch the ballet girls when they rehearsed or did their exercises at the bar, the half-split and the other contortions."

"Let's get rid of this overcoat," the doctor said, "so that I may examine your chest."

Sadakichi gestured that he would not permit Sam Hirshfeld to remove the coat and continued with his spoken thoughts of the past.

"Kichi," Decker said, "would you pose for a last picture, the Dying Half-Teuton?"

The great exhibitionist responded at once to this invitation. He got out of bed, much against Sam's advice, even took off his overcoat, and in his green undershirt and dark grey drawers took a jack-knife position in an orange-upholstered chair. Decker posed him against a background grouping of an ice bowl, a bottle of medicine, two books, and a lemon on a wall shelf.

Once again I recommended that either he go to a hospital, or allow me to provide a male nurse at his Banning home. He denounced me as a corn-tassel Samaritan. "Would you rob me of this, my last chance to dramatize myself? Would you hide me in a hospital? Or commit me to the desert with an audience of coyotes, lizards, rattlesnakes, and pack rats? No! I shall die in public, as befits a great man and an enemy of the public."

The doctor decided to administer a hypodermic, and in half an hour or so Sadakichi fell asleep, mumbling now and then before the drug gave him surcease from pain.

The next day he seemed much improved. He put on a new outfit, a green ensemble Decker and I had bought for him, and announced that he would call upon the widow of an artist whose work he once had thought quite promising. The now middle-aged woman lived in straitened circumstances; her late husband's canvases hung on the walls of the otherwise bleakly furnished rooms. She had made lampshades out of cones of old newspapers.

We left Sadakichi at her house. That night she visited him at his hotel for several hours, dined and wined there, then left at midnight. On the way to the bus she stepped in the way of an automobile and was instantly killed.

Upon hearing of this next morning I dropped in at Sadakichi's with the intention of consoling him. I was amazed to find him in one of his "serene" moods, apparently untroubled, and dictating his theories of rhythms in color to the secretary.

"Aren't you moved at all by this tragedy?" I inquired. "I thought it would upset even you."

"Quite the opposite," he said. "I envy her. First of all, she had the privilege of spending her last hours with Sadakichi Hartmann, and of hearing conversation denied to all but a fortunate few; and then going out of life suddenly, before the troubles and the dull words of an environment of fools could break her last enchantment."

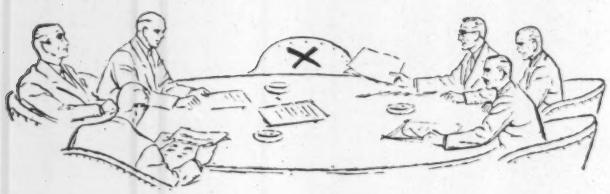
The old man stayed on at the hotel for a few weeks, dictating notes on his life and editing proofs of a pamphlet called *Strands and Ravelings of the Art Fabric*. I had volunteered to seek a publisher for this monograph, but Hartmann said no, he would have it printed himself and sell it through the mails. His project cost me five hundred dollars but was worth the price, if only for his descriptions of the clash between the artistic and the materialistic ways of life, such as: "Mule and thoroughbred do not pull well together."

He attacked what he called the "Farley Dynasty," the murals painted under government subsidy by otherwise unemployed artists on the walls of post offices and public buildings. "Talent," Hartmann said of the muralists, "seems to be as scarce among them as pork in a can of beans. But for that matter I have not met anyone of importance these last twenty years, simply because there aren't any men of importance."

MANY years before, Hartmann, as an upstart beginner at art criticism, had named a dozen artists whose work most likely would be acclaimed by the next generation: Albert Ryder, Abbott Thayer, Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, John La Farge, George Inness, Homer Martin,

How much would you lose

if one of your key men died?



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D. W. Tryon, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and "if the Muses permit, Childe Hassam when he does not paint nudes" and Horatio Walker "when he paints pigs".

"Well," Sadakichi said, "the young critic made few errors, omissions, or overestimates. The choice was correct and my words came true."

Although he wrote in behalf of art and artists for almost fifty years (including a two-volume work, *A History of American Art*), Hartmann was mindful that these men sometimes regarded themselves and their talents from overprecious points of view.

"The great artists," he said, "are always the great givers; and we can give them little in return, as we do not even know who they are until they are dead. They know in a way; but no genius can be absolutely sure that he is one (except in my case) or that posterity will think him so. Most artists have the failing of considering themselves greater than they are. Why talk of geniuses? They do not sit at your elbows; they are scarce; there are only a baker's dozen at one time in all fields—music, painting, sculpture, literature, oratory, philosophy, science."

DECKER put some of his best work into this portrait of his wife, Phyllis.

Perhaps Sadakichi meant to speak of his own fate when he went on to say, "It is the cruel law of human existence that hundreds of men must drudge their whole lives away in order that one who is not a bit better than they may succeed. It is the same way in art: hundreds of talents must struggle and suffer in vain that one may reach the cloud-wrapped summit of popularity and fame. And that road is sure to lead over many corpses; and many of the nobler altruistic qualities of man have to be left far behind in the valley of unknown names."

Once Hartmann rolled off a list of fifty-

two addresses at which he had lived in America and in Europe before he moved to California. His roster of hosts here and abroad was a catalogue of writers, artists and musicians of the 1880s and the 1890s. To gain entrance to the salons and studios, he had represented himself not only as a friend of Walt Whitman, but also as a correspondent for the *New York Staats-Zeitung* and the *New York Herald*. He had been, in fact, a free-lance contributor to these and other newspapers and had sold stories and articles to various national magazines and art periodicals. He had also delivered lectures, or given readings from the works of his literary acquaintances, and passed the hat.

He remembered with great relish his times at Mallarmé's salon in Paris, and his several visits to Paul Heyse's house in Munich. It would seem that Mallarmé had been the most durable of his hosts. Heyse, as had Whitman, eventually found it necessary to disown one of Hartmann's interviews. Sadakichi represented him as having assailed Ibsen's then-daring discussions of human relationships and quoted Heyse as having said: "Ibsen has ceased to be a poet. A great pity! He was such a superb romanticist in *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*."

An anxious Hartmann, it would appear, never quite managed to charm the great Ibsen. "I saw him every afternoon as I went to the theater in Munich. He would sit at the Maximilian Café, reading the papers or looking over his spectacles at the people passing by. His *Wild Duck* had just appeared. Several times I sought to converse with him, but he would only grunt and look away. Alas! Had he but known that I was to be his most zealous American pioneer—but all too early for my New England lecture-audiences—he would have disclosed to me his innermost secrets."

In Paris, Sadakichi said, Debussy behaved like a snob. "The most effective thing he had done as a musician—and he was then a comer-upper—had been to manage eloquent periods of silence in his compositions. Judicious silences are important in any work—musical, or in moments of love."

By 1892 he had made three voyages to Europe. During his second visit, in 1888, he went from Holland to London in an all but penniless state. On his first day in London he called, in turn, upon William Michael Rossetti and William Morris. He invested his last shillings to rent a Prince Albert coat, a pair of gray gloves, and a walking stick. He placed a sprig of parsley in his lapel, merely to show that he was no ordinary boulevardier.

"I hoped to obtain from these men an introduction to Laureate Tennyson," Sadakichi recalled. "And perhaps a crust of bread."

"Why do you wish to see Lord Tenny-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

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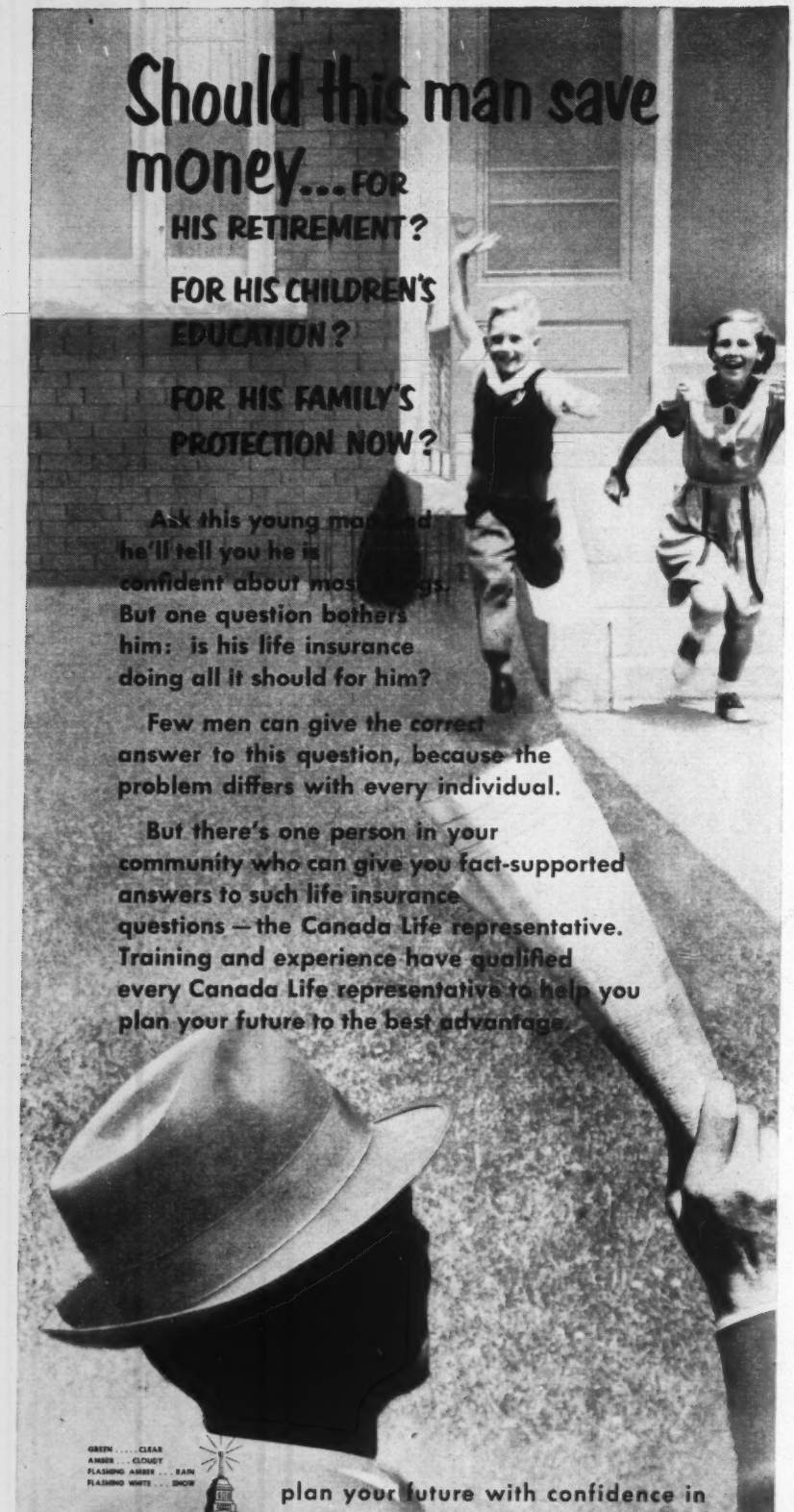
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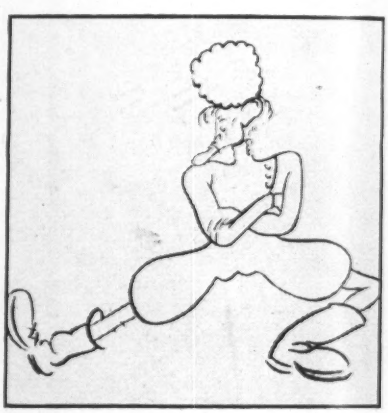
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

son?' Rossetti asked. 'Because I'm starving,' I replied. Rosetti had some tea things brought in; and I might have gained his financial favor were it not for my honesty in matters of artistic opinion. I would not overpraise the paintings of his late brother Dante Gabriel; and when I remarked that I considered *The Blessed Damozel* much inferior to Poe's *Raven*—yearning in reverse, from Heaven to Earth—he chilled. Almost the same thing happened a few hours later on my visit to William Morris. I said the furniture he was making belonged to the tomb of Hadrian. He frowned when I removed the parsley from my lapel and proceeded to eat the vegetable."

Sadakichi then launched into a long description of his days as a social lion in Boston. He had given lectures in that city on Ibsen and contributed art comments to the local newspapers. It was while he was living there that he had tried to form his Whitman Club, and in



HARTMANN dancing "The Cossack's Gavotsky", as sketched by Decker.

so doing met Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, and several other literary factotums.

"And now," Sadakichi said, "I shall dictate, for all posterity to learn, how a frustrated love can overwhelm young genius. I went from Boston to New York, lived a nomadic life, taught elocution and worshipped women as if they were supernatural creatures—"

"As indeed they *are*," Barrymore interrupted archly.

"No stupid asides, if you please. My imagination," Sadakichi went on, "freed them from all earthiness."

"Sadakichi," Decker interjected, "is an even greater man than himself."

This is the fifth of ten excerpts from 'Minutes of the Last Meeting", by Gene Fowler. Copyright 1954 by Gene Fowler. A Viking Press book published in Canada by The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. (pp. 277, $4.50). The sixth instalment will appear in next week's issue.

Ottawa Letter

Political Decline

By John A. Stevenson

THERE WAS A TIME when politics was the dominant intellectual interest of the Canadian people. Read the files of newspapers in the first 50 years after Confederation and you would find that politics bulked at least thrice as large in their columns as today. The politicians were busy, not merely during the parliamentary sessions, but all the year round making speeches and arguing public issues. The speeches of all the leading political magnates were fully reported in the press and analyzed in editorials.

Today the Canadian public has such a variety of diversions and distractions at its command, most of our population have come to regard politics as a boring form of activity and only a tiny fraction of the voters pays any serious sustained attention to it until a general election comes round or some crisis emerges.

Another factor in fostering this apathy is a change in the newspaper world. In the old days, any Canadian community of any size had two rival dailies or weeklies, who kept up a running crossfire of controversial discussion about the issues of the day and educated their readers about the merits of conflicting policies. But today virtually all the smaller cities and towns have only one newspaper and its proprietors usually feel it advisable to prescribe for it a benevolent neutrality in politics. The Maritime provinces suffer in a special degree from this attitude, as their two leading daily newspapers are nowadays politically sterilized and their contribution to political education is feeble.

As a result, many politicians feel that it is a waste of time to discuss public questions except during election campaigns.

Since the session ended, there have been some developments of high concern to the Canadian people. Prime Minister St. Laurent has proved that the lassitude he displayed last session was only temporary by intervening vigorously to avert a railway strike, and Mr. Pearson has at last negotiated a bargain with the United States for the construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway. Now Mr. St. Laurent's intervention in the railway dispute was tantamount to an enforcement of the principle of compulsory arbitration and, while it has evoked applause in many quarters, it is obviously resented by many labor elements. Then the Seaway bargain

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has been denounced by critics of the Government as an inept retreat from past pledges and an ignoble surrender to the United States.

While these events were afoot, the leaders of the two chief parties in opposition, Mr. Drew and Mr. Coldwell, were on holiday in Europe, and consequently the silence of the opposition upon these two crucial events has so far only been broken by the critical observations of George Hees (Toronto-Broadview), the national Chairman of the Progressive Conservative party, about the deal in regard to the seaway. Incidentally, while Mr. Hees has put a lot of punch into most of his intermittent castigations of the Government, he talked sheer nonsense when he complained that the three Ministers who lately resigned had violated a moral obligation to retain their seats through the whole course of the Parliament to which they were elected. No such moral obligation has ever been recognized under the British parliamentary system.

Meanwhile, discussion about the shaky fortunes of the Progressive Conservative party and the leadership of Mr. Drew continues. The Toronto columnist, Judith Robinson, has been devoting her skilful pen to advertising the merits of Colonel Gordon Churchill, DSO, MP for Winnipeg South-Centre, and his ideas for the reinvigoration of his party. Undoubtedly the Progressive Conservative party needs to abandon the opportunism to which it has been addicted in recent years, and take a firm stand on basic principles and a coherent policy before it can persuade sufficient voters that it can provide the country with a sound alternative administration. But even such a change might not produce victory in an election, unless it can enlist for the propagation of its policies a fresh contingent of young men, who will appeal to the voters.

It is surely an ominous sign of its weakness that certain young Canadians ot the Conservative faith have preferred to gratify their political ambitions at Westminster rather than Ottawa. At present there are four natives of Canada in the British House of Commons: Sir Beverley Baxter, Captain Peter Drummond, Edward H. G. Leather and William Aitken. Sir Beverley is a competent journalist and dramatic critic but he has never been taken seriously as a politician, and Captain Drummond has never emerged from the ruck of Tory backbenchers. But both Mr. Leather and Mr. Aitken, who is a brother of Margaret Aitken, MP for York-Humber, are regarded by competent judges as promising members of their party. Each of them is the sort of energetic young Canadian, endowed with distinct gifts for a successful career in politics, who is badly needed by the Progressive Conservative party.

Mr. Leather has been visiting his native

Toronto Star

GEORGE HEES: Nonsense.

land, and several persons who have met him, have told me how they have been impressed by his abilities and regretted that they were not being devoted to the service of his own country in public life. A native of Hamilton, where he was born in 1919, he was educated at Trinity College School and the Royal Military College, Kingston. He served with distinction in the Canadian Army from 1941 to 1945.

Apparently, when he was stationed with his regiment in Britain, he became fascinated with British political life and formed an ambition to cut some figure in it. He could have returned to Canada and joined his father in prosperous business activities, but he decided to stay in Britain and stood unsuccessfully for Parliament in 1945. He proceeded to establish himself in business in London, and in the general election of 1950 he managed, although a stranger to the constituency, to win the Northern division of Somersetshire, at the age of 31. In the election of 1951, having made his mark as an able young parliamentarian, he held his seat easily and, unless he loses it or some other setback befalls him, he ought soon to get his feet on the ladder of political promotion and might even attain ministerial rank before he is 50.

There are lots of young politicians of his quality in Britain, but they are scarce as hen's teeth in Canada. Would it not be a shrewd move on the part of the managers of the Progressive Conservative party, if they could persuade Mr. Leather that his native country should have the first claim upon his political abilities? It is difficult to believe that a young politician, who deliberately abandoned a promising political career in Britain to serve his own people in public life, would not have a special appeal to many Canadian voters and be a notable reinforcement to the party.

Business

Growing Industrial Field For the New Plastics

By W. P. SNEAD

NOT SO LONG ago the word plastic was almost a synonym for substitute. Now it means a host of products that range from flexible ice cube trays to gears and paints and enamels.

The raw materials that go into these different plastics come from just about every sector of the chemical field, with petro-chemicals, coal-tar products and wood pulp, in the form of cellulose, all making their contributions. The list of companies engaged in plastic research and manufacture is long and varied and is headed by such names as du Pont, General Electric, Goodyear and Shell.

Far from being a substitute, plastics are now to be considered as engineering materials especially valuable because they can be tailor-made for particular applications. Many of them are doing previously "impossible" jobs in such diverse fields as television and paints.

The familiar squeeze-bottle plastic, polyethylene, is the main insulating material in the coaxial cables that make television networks possible. In paints, the epoxy resins are bringing a whole new concept of finishes to stoves, refrigerators, cans and even pipelines.

The first plastics were made as long ago as 1868, when an American chemist, John Hyatt, seeking a substitute for ivory in the manufacture of billiard balls, developed cellulose nitrate. This material was given the trade-name of celluloid.

The next step towards the growth of the plastic industries came with the discovery in 1909 of bakelite by Dr. Baekeland, who was looking for a suitable material for phonograph records. Bakelite, developed from the common coal-tar chemical, phenol, is still in use in products ranging from the household telephone to the waterproof glues that bond plywood together.

Knowledge of plastics was broadened in the 1920s, in the wake of the research performed in World War I, but the greatest period of discovery started with the intensive research inspired by World War II. Polyethylene, for example, came into being in 1941 when a suitable insulating material for radar equipment had to be developed.

The growing importance of plastics has brought into the language such terms as acrylic, amino, polyester and silicone. The acrylics are glass clear and are used for such things as cockpit enclosures on aircraft and for lights. The aminos are used to make buttons and dishes and other household items. The polyesters are the binders that are used to make car bodies and boats and also the synthetic textile dacron. The silicones, by one of those weird twists possible in chemistry, are derived in part from the silica found in common sand and are used in lubricating oils as well as in high grade insulation for electrical equipment and in waterproof coatings. The plastics are versatile. Nylon, for example, does much more than provide material for clothes. It also goes into such things as truck tires and gears that are used where lubrication is difficult in textile machines. Teflon is almost impervious to chemical action and is much used in atomic plants.

The paints that have been developed from petro-chemicals have startling characteristics. They cling so tightly to metal that sheet steel can actually be coated with them and formed in a press without cracking the finish. Their extreme resistance to many forms of chemical attack has brought a huge demand for them from industry, and it is quite possible that the familiar tin can with its paper label will give way to a can that carries the label imprinted permanently as part of the finish. They also promise a new era of scratch-proof furniture and household appliances, for the surface developed is so tough that it is used to protect oil-well drill-pipe from corrosion.

The manufacturing processes that go to produce these plastics are as complex as any in the chemical field, and fabrication of the finished product from the various molding powders and liquids is still a costly and slow process as compared to products stamped from steel.

On a cost basis, it will be a long time before they usurp the place of the common industrial materials. However, as the processes become more efficient, there will be an ever-expanding market for plastics. The combination of electrical power in Eastern Canada and on the West Coast, and the abundant supplies of the raw materials for petro-chemistry on the Prairies places Canada in a magnificent position to develop a great plastics industry.

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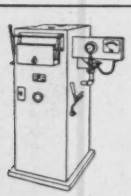
A dividend of 6c per share has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 30th day of September, 1954, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 2nd day of September, 1954.

DATED the 16th day of August, 1954.

P. C. FINLAY,
SECRETARY.



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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Bethlehem Steel

I HAVE *some shares of Bethlehem Steel that I purchased last year at 54. I am wondering if I should sell these shares and take my profit or hold on for a possible further advance. Do you think the proposed merger with Youngstown Sheet and Tube will help move the stock higher?—R. G. M., Montreal.*

Bethlehem is the second largest steel producer in the United States and the largest shipbuilder in that country. Its rated capacity is now 18.5 million tons of ingot per year. The range of products covers everything from light sheet to heavy castings and structural steels.

Should the merger with Youngstown be effected, total capacity would be raised to 23.5 million tons. It would also increase the marketing area of the company, for since 1948 steel prices in the United States have been on a F.O.B. mill basis. This makes freight rates an important factor in competing for distant markets. As Bethlehem plants are concentrated in the east, the addition of Youngstown mills near Chicago would give both a marketing and product advantage.

The earnings picture for Bethlehem has been changed by the demise of the excess profits tax this year. As a result, earnings for the first half of this year were $58,558,350, or $5.77 per share as against $59,495,136 or $5.87 per share in 1953. As operations are less than 70 per cent of capacity compared to the 100 per cent plus operations of last year, a comparison with previous years is misleading.

Despite the rather dim prospects of a considerable increase in steel demand, producers now are transferring their hopes of last Spring to the late Fall. It appears that the dividend payment for this year will be considerably better than the $4.00 paid last year. Payments so far this year have amounted to $3.25 and, if the $1.25 paid in June is continued, $5.75 will be paid.

From the 1953 low of 44⅜, established last September, the price of the stock has risen in a sequence of sharp advances with only minor corrections. The declaration of a $2.00 dividend in January brought a sharp advance from 50 to 58½. After a dip to 53, the rise was extended to 71 with the May dividend of $1.25 spurring the move. The rumors of the merger with Youngstown provided the fuel for the next phase, which lifted the price to the high of 82¾. As this rumor of negotiations was confirmed, the old law of "the news is out" was applied and a reversal to 75, followed by the present see-saw between 75 and 79, developed. Assuming a dividend of $5.75 will be paid for the year, the present price of 78 provides a yield of 7.4 per cent. This makes the stock still attractive to hold for income, but a steel company's shares usually sell for less than book value, which, on the basis of the 1953 balance sheet, is $98. Considerable caution regarding the protection of your capital gain seems necessary at this altitude, especially after the price has almost doubled.

From the pattern the stock has traced across our chart, it appears that a "sell on stop" order placed just under the recent low of 74½ would be good tactics. While, from the technical point of view, a move through 83 could carry to an objective of 91, the present pattern carries the threat of a reversal, with objectives of 68 and 63 on the downside.

Canadian Javelin

IT WOULD *be appreciated if you would give me some information on Canadian Javelin Limited.—J. E. F., Toronto.*

The affairs of this company have been rather shrouded in mystery. Financial information is completely lacking since the balance sheet of December 31, 1952, appeared. Since last October, when the Canadian Stock Exchange de-listed the stock for failure of the company to supply adequate financial information, only fragments of news have appeared as to what developments have occurred. Last April, at a special shareholders' meeting, the capital stock of the company was increased from 1 million to 5 million shares and the name changed to Canadian Javelin Limited.

The company was formed in 1951 to take over the assets of the Javelin Foundries & Machine Works. Subsequently, it purchased control of the Newfoundland & Labrador Corporation, one of the companies formed by the Newfoundland Government under the development schemes of Premier J. R. Smallwood, which involved the purchase of 1,500,000 shares at $5 a share. This agreement was subsequently shelved in March of this year and Javelin returned and was repaid for all but about 80,000 of the shares it had purchased.

Where the original deal had given Javelin control of 25,000 square miles of

mineral rights in Newfoundland and Labrador and 5,000 square miles of timber rights in Labrador, controlled by Newfoundland & Labrador Corporation, Javelin now has a 99-year lease on a 2,300 square mile area of mineral rights in Labrador. This property is on the southern boundary of the concession held by the Iron Ore Company of Canada, and is reputed to have reserves in excess of 102 million tons of iron ore, with an average grade of 40 per cent which can be concentrated and cleaned to a commercial ore concentrate of 64 per cent iron.

In addition, Javelin holds other iron ore bodies near Chicoutimi on the Saguenay River in Quebec, reported to contain 30 million tons of titaniferous iron ore.

The complete lack of up-to-date financial information makes it impossible to assess the possibilities of the company. The development of properties of this size calls for financing of the first magnitude—witness the enormous outlays required by Labrador Iron. To obtain these funds, it would likely be necessary for the company to take on a heavy burden of debt. Such debt would likely place the common stock in a secondary position. Also, it would appear necessary for the company to obtain some firm purchase agreements for its output either from some of the major iron ore marketing agencies or from major steel companies.

The multiple question marks presented by every aspect of the company provide little ground for confidence and a most cautious approach seems warranted.

Wright Hargreaves

I HAVE held Wright Hargreaves for a good many years. Most of my shares were purchased at prices considerably above the present level. Would you give me an opinion on this stock? Do the prospects warrant my continued holding? —F. C. L., Toronto.

The prospects for this company seem to lie in fields other than gold mining. After 23 years of mining, operations are now being conducted at levels as low as 7,000 feet. The costs of this deep mining and the lower grades of ore being encountered have reduced operating profits by a considerable margin. In 1949, the mine produced $3,021,910 in bullion that after the deduction of costs brought net operating earnings of $1,027,386. In 1953, bullion of $2,845,996 was produced, but the increase in costs reduced net operating earnings to $641,039.

With the world price for gold unlikely to change in the foreseeable future, and the gold mining industry operating in an unfavorable economic climate, there is little prospect of an improvement in profits from the gold mining operation.

This situation has prompted the

A booklet about

Hudson's Bay Company

For some time we have felt that the shares of Hudson's Bay Company present an attractive investment opportunity.

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When early Britons imitated Greek coins

The earliest coins struck in ancient Britain were rude, uninscribed imitations of the "stater" of Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great. This original stater (shown at top) was one of the great currencies of the ancient world. Apparently these Greek coins first reached Britain through Gaul (France) where they had been minted by the various tribes there. These imitation staters (shown below the original coin) were then minted in Britain and so became the first British coins. So that was, in Britain, **"The Start of It All."**

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management to enter other fields. Many claims were staked in the Bathurst area, which seemingly has fallen into the doldrums due to low base metal prices, and some are held in the Utik Lake copper prospect in Manitoba.

A more promising venture is the considerable interest held in Anglo-American Exploration Ltd. This company, which controls Gridoil and Canadian Williston and owns Gas and Oil Products, a refining and distributing company, has been active in western oil development. At last report, some 25 producing wells have been completed by the group in the Gull Lake field in Saskatchewan.

With the western oils, by their action, showing signs of lifting from the depressed levels reached recently in the 2½-year bear market, it appears that a very selective advance could develop in the small group of survivors emerging from the dismal collection of small companies that seem doomed to reorganization, merger or bankruptcy. An improvement in market sentiment towards the oils would be reflected in the market action of WRT.

The stock has lifted slightly from the low of $1.60 to $1.77 and seems likely to continue the recovery to around the $2.00 mark. Any further advance would have to develop from constructive news from some sector of the operations.

While the earnings from gold mining are barely sufficient to maintain the 12 cent dividend, the financial position of the company is such that it can be maintained out of surplus. With a yield of over 6 per cent at the present price and a working capital position of $3,886,246 to finance new ventures, the stock appears to be an excellent hold with speculative possibilities.

In Brief

OVID I BOUGHT *Donalda at approximately 75 cents. Would you advise me to sell this stock at the present price of 40 cents? —L. S., Winnipeg.*

Might as well switch.

WHAT *are the prospects for East Amphi? —S. G. S., Vancouver.*

About two below zero.

ARE SHARES *of Independence Cobalt of any value?—M. L. C., Toronto.*

As wallpaper.

ANY HOPES *for No Cash Kenn?— L. A. A., Toronto.*

Looks as though the name tells the story.

WHAT IS *your opinion of Buckles Uranium Mines?—H. J. Toronto.*

Hold.

CAN YOU *tell me what happened to Moe River Gold Mines?—W. N., Barrie, Ont.*

There "ain't no moe".

Who's Who in Business

Extensive Reorganization

By J. W. Bacque

RE-ORGANIZING dilapidated companies has been almost a life work for T. R. McLagan, 57, president of Canada Steamship Lines. "I'm never satisfied," he says, with an intent, impatient look on his brown face, "but I've had a lot of fun going into companies and fixing them up, showing them how to reduce costs, get more sales, improve their financial standing and get better equipment. You've got to look at everything, but the most important thing is getting business. I've gone into new companies three times, and I always feel that people can do more and better than they have."

Ashley & Crippen

THOMAS R. McLAGAN

Mr. McLagan was educated at Lower Canada College and McGill University, from which he graduated in 1923 with the degree of Bachelor of Science in mechanical engineering. He describes his course as "a good general one for a person like myself going into a manufacturing business". His first job was paper machinery inspector with the Laurentide Company, where he worked up gradually to the rank of supervisor. Then, in 1932, he became a partner in the industrial consultant firm of Dufresne, McLagan & Associates. It was here that he received his first thorough experience in corporate re-organization.

"Firms called us in for the specialized knowledge we had and they needed. It was just a matter of increasing business efficiency, through intensive cost control and time study methods." When the directors of Canadian Vickers Limited requested the firm to make a survey, Mr. McLagan's methods of investigation impressed them so favorably that they asked him to remain as vice-president and general manager. He accepted the offer, and went there in 1939.

"Things were pretty black then", Mr. McLagan says. "Vickers had got run down financially and physically. But we put in people with fresh viewpoints, diversified the business and turned it into a good general manufacturing concern. If you are going to be successful in that sort of work, you've got to put your own personality into it."

During the war Vickers built marine engines and boilers, aircraft landing legs, and even a whole factory — the original plant for Canadair. In 1950 Mr. McLagan was elected president of the company. He had been in this office less than a year when he received, and accepted, an offer from Canada Steamship Lines to become its president. "Since then," Mr. McLagan says, "our assets and our earnings are up, we have built the biggest ships ever to float on the Great Lakes, and our fleet is the largest in the company's history. We have modernized the upper lakes fleet, expanded Kingsway Transport (a trucking subsidiary) and improved our shipyards."

Mr. McLagan's attitude towards the St. Lawrence Seaway is mixed: "It will be a tremendous thing for what I call 'the lifeline of industry'. But I don't want to see foreign ships sailing on our inland oceans. It would be unfair competition. The British pay only a fraction of our wages—allowing their ships into the lakes would be like bringing British trucks over here to operate on our roads. It would cause tremendous industrial strife and eruptions in our commerce. The government must protect our inland and coastal trade."

It is only the threat of foreign competition that bothers Mr. McLagan: the American shipping companies haven't taken any business away from CSL yet. "We don't fear them," he says. "We have, in the last few years, improved our assets, increased our working capital and paid dividends every year—all without borrowing any money. In addition, our shipyards have been building new kinds of vessels—various kinds of warships and, for Arctic service, the D'Iberville, the biggest ice-breaker in the free world."

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AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Bonds

What Is Investment?

By J. Ross Oborne

CONFUSION continually exists in people's minds as to the relationship between Investment Dealers, Stockbrokers and Broker-Dealers. The root of the confusion lies in the definition of the word "investment".

Investment in its purest sense is "the employment of money for the purpose of earning *income* for the owner". This definition is thus one of motive. The owner is seeking present income primarily, as opposed to capital profit or future income. With motive as the deciding factor, it can readily be seen how easily speculation can be confused with investment. The return received from an investment is income, but gain derived from a speculation is profit.

Speculation and investment, in the final analysis, no doubt spring from the same motive, the desire for gain. The difference is the degree of risk assumed. We can keep going around in circles until the true investor finds the compass that will direct his particular motive to the proper place.

The main source of investment securities is the Investment Dealer. He is a member of the little publicized Investment Dealers' Association of Canada. As a member of the Association he is bound by strict regulations of fair dealing. His prime function is the distribution of income-bearing securities. He is a merchant who purchases at wholesale and resells at retail.

Investment Dealers should not be confused with Stockbrokers, although many investment houses function in both capacities. Stockbrokers have little to do with the creation of securities. The Stockbroker acts as an agent for his customers, buying and selling and collecting a commission. A Broker-Dealer deals either as an agent or a principal in speculative securities.

The Investment Dealer acts as a principal, buying and selling on his own account. As purchases are made for resale, he must ensure that his merchandise has good value and is readily salable. His margin of profit is small and seldom exceeds $3.00 per $100 face value. His risk of loss is large if an issue does not sell well. In addition, legal, underwriting, advertising and selling expenses must be paid out of the profit. With such an arrangement on such a small spread, it is readily seen that the investor generally is well protected before he enters his order.

women

John Milne

THE ART *of draping: couturier Tibor de Nagay of Toronto drapes a bolt of bronze crepe from the Duplan of Canada mills on a model, as part of the Canadian Fabric Festival, sponsored by ten Canadian textile mills. This is one of the featured fashion shows at the Canadian National Exhibition, and de Nagay demonstrates what can be done, in high couture dresses and coats, with a whole range of Canadian fabrics.*

Conversation Pieces:

PEOPLE who wander about beaches collecting wood may be assembling material for an end-of-the-season bonfire. On the other hand they may be looking for driftwood lamp bases. The driftwood lamp takes any form that Nature devises for it, and can assume any significance the imagination suggests. It is an abstraction, whose meaning depends entirely on the perceptiveness, or fancy, of the owner.

At least one new Canadian, Hans Vleming, has turned the new driftwood-lamp trend into a flourishing business. He has collected his specimens from Lake Simcoe, Lake Couchiching and Lake Bass, and turned them, through skill and polishing, into fantasies to which he gives such names as Phoenix, Earthbound, the Prophet, Life, the Unicorn and the Introvert.

If you prefer to do your own collecting and finishing, remember that your final production and the name you give it may be as revealing as a Rorschach test. Better not have any psychiatrists among your guests when you are showing off your new treasure.

A LETTER from a friend, whose word we have every reason to distrust, announces that his dog, Diana, is definitely pro-McCarthy. During recent months Diana has quietly removed from the front door-step every paper with an anti-McCarthy headline and buried it behind the herbaceous border. Now that the McCarthy controversy has begun to die down, Diana has given up press censorship and gone back to burying bones.

WE LIKE the story of the husband who broke off a wrathful speech on a man's rights in his own house to hurry down cellar and hoist the booster on the electric heater. Then he came back and tied on his kitchen apron. "What women must be made to understand," he said, "is that men have to have lots of hot water to wash up the dinner dishes."

IF A MAN can't find relaxation in his home, isn't he at least entitled to comfort in his car? The manufacturers and car designers say yes. The osteopaths say emphatically, no. The latter group points out that the agreeable left elbow rest throws the spinal column out of alignment. In addition, the soft seat induces the driver to slip, and this, combined with his attempt to peer through the windshield, constricts his neck muscles and slows the flow of blood to the brain. In any case, comfort leads to relaxation, relaxation leads to sleep, and even a wink or two of sleep at the wheel may lead to the nearest viaduct coping.

The ideal driver's seat would probably be designed along the lines of a kitchen chair, or of one of those rigid contrivances that are rented out by morticians. Under these conditions, the driver's posture would be irreproachable, the neck muscles would be unconstricted, the feet would be firm on the floor, the sacroiliac would be at peace, the blood would flow freely to the brain; and the driver would probably be a perfectly terrible person to travel with.

THE DRAWING ROOM, *designed by Herbert Irvine of Eaton's, has a decided Nassau influence (the Vincents winter there) in the clear bright Cerulean blue walls and the canary yellow taffeta curtains, as well as in the gay black-and-white rubber-tiled floors, so practical for parties and dancing. The emerald green sofas (below) and the cherry red chairs (right) take their color from the tropical-patterned print of the chesterfield (below). Mrs. Vincent is seated in front of an original Louis XV mantel and an original Edzard painting of the artist's daughter.*

The Toronto Home

of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Vincent

A CORNER *of the Vincent library, with pale citron walls and Swiss-patterned damask curtains to match, and a true-beige (no pink) rug. The furniture is hand-made in Canada, adapted from Chinese originals in the Brooklyn Museum.*

Photos: courtesy of Eaton's College Street, by Panda

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

LADISLAV KNOTEK, whose death was announced recently, is praised by the *British Chess Magazine* as one of the pillars of the Bohemian School. He was born in Prague on June 27, 1892.

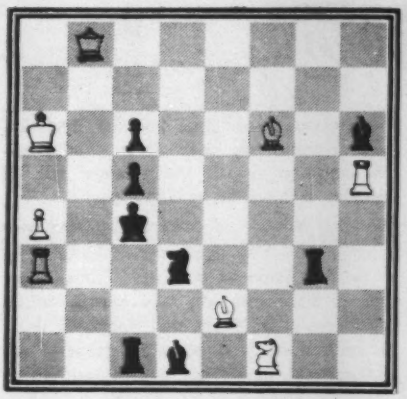
Knotek gave considerable attention to echoes. No. 51 in this series, quoted Feb. 6, 1954, was his. It is one of the most striking of all chameleon echo problems. His interest extended to echoes in self mates.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 80.

Key-move 1.Q-K1, waiting. If B any; 2.KtxP mate. If P-QB5; 2.P-Q4 mate. If Kt-Q7; 2.Q-R1 mate. If Kt-B6; 2.QxKt mate. If PxP; 2.P-Kt4 mate. If P-KB5; 2.PxP mate. If KKt any; 2.Kt-Q7 mate.

PROBLEM NO. 81, by B. de C. Andrade.

Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Eight Pieces.

White mates in two.

From Man to Man

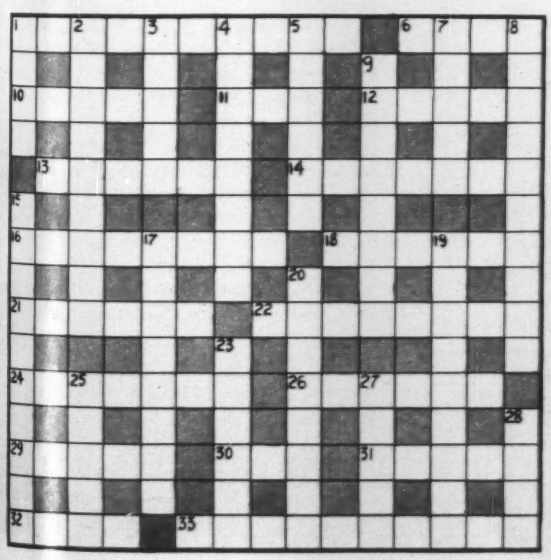
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Musical devices that still my beating heart? (5, 5)
6. It appears that even a pismire can be bull-headed. (4)
10. It's not only mountain passes that form a combination of pass . . . . (5)
11. Book thrown on the fire? (3)
12. What a simply insane flavor! (5)
13. President whose other name suggested he was determined to dig in his oars. (6)
14. One who was barely seen in his new clothes. (7)
16. Arsonists are likely to burn theirs behind them. (8)
18. How lucky! Mother's gone to bed. (6)
21. These interests are in underclothes, perhaps. (6)
22. Often provides an opening for tradesmen. (4, 4)
24. This, following the apple, precedes it. (7)
26. He may make sport a sin on Sunday. (6)
29. Rotten way to make a buck buckle? (5)
30. In Spain it's responsible for starting riots. (3)
31. It's hit on the head before a ballet. (5)
32. In game, if thrown 15, it won't score. (4)
33. Even the gourmand will, between the sheets. (4, 6)

DOWN

1. Yes, we have no bananas, but there's port there. (4)
2. The great unwashed can't get next to it. (5)
3. They sense the last half of 22 differently. (5)
4. Lent? There's confusion in the date about that time. (8)
5. With which Elia wrote his essay on roast pork? (6)
7. As a writer he's the daddy of them all? (5)
8. Their messages go up in smoke, as it were. (10)
9. Sounds like a sleeping bag, perhaps. (8)
15. Honest, the lodger's too superior to eat in. (5-5)
17. Amongst these, even bishops are not 15. They're on it! (8)
19. But these tears were not shed by Capt. Hook's follower. (9)
20. By which Aladdin's was delivered? (4-4)
23. Where Amy's joined the Royal Navy? (6)
25. Yet it's colder when it reaches a hundred. (5)
27. It may trouble 3 when the sun is up. (5)
28. Soft music . . . as an indication. (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1 Balance of power
10. Don
11. Pandemonium
12. Traveller
13. Evils
14. Rosebud
17. Trudge
19. Turnip
21. Dreamer
24. Asses
25. Opposites
28. Willa Cather
29. She
30. Nine-days' wonder

DOWN

2. Annuals
3. Ample
4. Canal
5. Overrated
6. Prosecute
7. Waiting
8. Remiss
9. Editors
15. Bandstand
16. Diplomacy
18. Trustee
20. Upsilon
22. Matisse
23. Darwin
26. Pshaw
27. Siren

(329)

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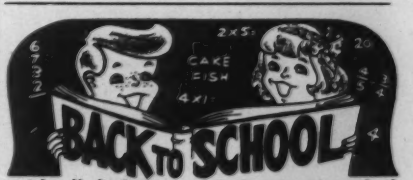

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Letters

Matriarchy

BY IMPLICATION at least, J. B. Priestley seems to think we should go back to a matriarchal form of government. There is no conclusive evidence that there ever were matriarchal states or that any matriarchal social system was any less troubled than our own. Besides, modern woman seems intent on showing how much like a man she can behave. She apes his habits, his dress and ignores her primary function in society. Given control of politics she would make just as much of a mess of things as we are in at present.

Winnipeg JAMES L. BUTCHER

GOOD for Mr. Priestley. Of course woman recognizes true value, and not just in the super-market either. What she lacks is experience in politics, but she will get that too — let us hope in time to thwart man's headlong career to self-destruction. As a brilliant woman editor paraphrased recently in accepting an award for distinguished public service through journalism: "Never send a boy to do a man's work; send a woman."

Edmonton ALICE T. RODGERS

Socialist Uncertainty

RE your article "Shirts and Struggles" (August 14), it seems to me that Canadian Socialists are the least uncertain of all present Canadian political parties. What other party has its credo printed in pamphlet form for all to read—all who care about being informed before voicing opinions? . . .

Your other charge as to the similarity of the Socialist and Communist Parties is one which is being voiced less and less often and is misleading fewer and fewer thinking people. You may remember that the Hon. Mr. Pearson was verbally spanked by his own party when he once made the same comparison. One has only to look at the socialist governments in existence, or in opposition, to note that where Socialists are strong the Communistic party is weak. Indeed the Communist party has named it publicly more than once as its chief enemy. Socialists and Communists have some good ideas in common as to the welfare of the people, as have all political parties. . .

Welland, Ont. MRS. A. G. MOFFATT

IN THE issue of August 14, the statement, "The definition may be too facile, but there is no doubt that Socialism itself is only a halfway point in political development", makes one wonder just where Norway, Sweden and Denmark, as Socialist States, are heading. Would you suggest that they are on the road to Communism?

Beloeil Station, Quebec R. MARSHALL

Application Forms

SOME CANADIAN firms have questions on their job application forms that read as follows: "What is your Religion? What nationality are you? What nationality is your mother? . . . Father? . . ." These questions seem innocent enough, but what they really mean is, "If you are of a certain religion, nationality or creed, we are not going to hire you. It doesn't matter how conscientious you are, how well you do your work or how much of an expert you are in this line of work, you can't work for us."

Probably some person or a handful of people in this race or that religion has hurt the employer's pride at one time, and he is getting even by hurting someone whom he has never seen or heard of . . . I wonder, if these men think they are right, why they don't insert the fact in their advertising campaigns that they won't hire certain kinds of people. If it's good, shouldn't it boost sales? Another point that I wonder about is: do they ask their customers what race or religion they belong to before selling their products to them? . . .

Toronto E. LUCY

Of Many Things

I AGREE with Anthony West's conclusion that we have lost more than we gained by debunking the great and elevating the tough. Mankind has always had heroes; children need them more than most. In debasing standards we have debased ourselves and the price we pay is in such a pitiful account as Mr. West has written and in the other horrible and similar stories that have been reported in recent days.

Montreal ALISTAIR MCCLURE

I WONDER if your readers have noticed the method used by a group of former women school teachers in Elmview, Ont., to combat the influence of crime comics on children. They have a positive approach to the problem and have instituted a better-reading campaign through the Women's Institute. At the start of the Fall term last year the children were given a list of books for required reading. This Spring quiz contests were held to determine how much the children had absorbed and to stimulate interest. It sounds like a sensible idea and one that other communities could profitably follow.

(MRS. E.) GERALDINE NORRIS

Cobourg, Ont.

ON READING the editorial comment in the August 21 issue on the appointment of Maj.-General E. L. M. Burns as Chief of Staff of the UN Truce Organization in Palestine, I find it difficult to believe that it refers to the man with whom my job has brought me into close association for the last five years. . . General Burns has a profound understanding of human relationships and problems. . . To describe his relations with those who work under him, the term "surly remoteness" could hardly be less accurate. . . Everyone working with him must have enjoyed his keen and subtle sense of humor.

Ottawa KATHLEEN E. BOWLBY

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SATURDAY NIGHT

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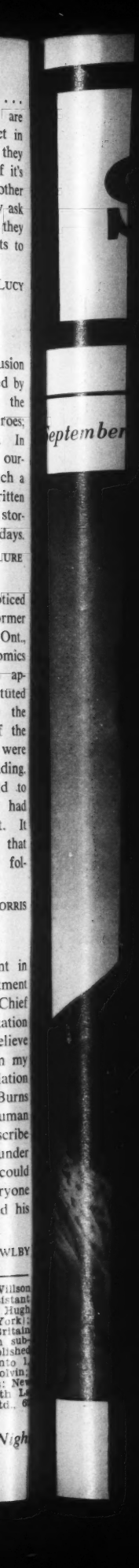
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